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S.C.R. Class Number - April, 1920

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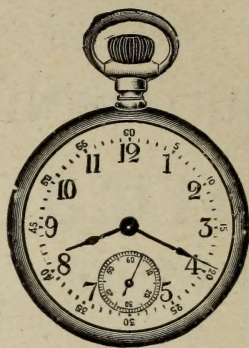
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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XII.

APRIL, 1920

NUMBER 6

Published Monthly by the Students of Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street, by the 25th of each month to insure insertion.

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UNIVERSITY
OF

Class History

WHEN discharges had been gladly received, and gratuities were the order of the day, the question that loomed up large in the minds of ex-soldiers, especially those who had left school to enlist, was, "What of my future?"

It was this that prompted some to inquire about their prospects of furthering the education that had been broken off, in order to take up sterner work for a while. Mr. Smith, Principal of the Victoria High School, was approached and, seeing the benefits that might be derived, became very interested and began to work energetically to secure some way of helping those who desired to continue their school work. He conversed with Mr. Paul, Municipal School Inspector, on the matter, and it was laid before the School Board. Then he interviewed members of the staff of the S. C. R. to ascertain if any assistance might be found in that source. As a result, the S. C. R. and the School Board co-operated to do their best. The University of British Columbia had offered a special matriculation for ex-service men, and this was decided on as the course of study. The idea had thus become a reality.

Then, one day early in September, 1919, about twenty-five young men found themselves seated in a classroom of the Victoria High School. Maybe they did not look quite natural seated at school desks and perhaps for some the desks were too small. However, everybody was willing; a few days sufficed to have everything running smoothly and work began in earnest. It has been that way ever since. Those young men were "us."

The Principal, Mr. Smith, the members of the faculty, the different organizations in the school, and all the students have been very generous on our behalf. In fact, we have been received with open arms. Extra periods have been given by our masters, for which we are sincerely thankful, and also a great deal of encouragement to spur us on.

An executive was elected to carry out any matters relating to the class—L. Clark, President; Renouf, Vice-President, and Whidden, Secretary, were the members and they carried out all matters in a manner satisfactory to everybody.

We were invited to join the Boys' Debating Society, the Beta Delta, and two of our members, Renouf and Dakin, have brought honor to our class. We were unable to co-operate a great deal with the school in the line of sport, but managed to defeat the school team in a game of Rugby. That was our only try at the sports side, owing to our class hours not synchronizing, being from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., while that of the school as a whole is from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

The Senior Matriculation class were hosts at a very enjoyable supper and dance and proved themselves capable entertainers. At the end of the Christmas term we returned the compliment, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. It would not be polite for us to say how we acquitted ourselves.

Notwithstanding this diversion, much work has been accomplished and many difficulties have been overcome. To some the work was entirely new and to others it was a big proposition. What June brings forth in results remains to be seen, but we feel confident that no one will be ashamed of us.

What this course means to us would really have to be explained by every individual member of the class. In every case it means a stepping-stone to a higher education. One is intending to study law; another, electrical engineering; another, civil engineering; another, aircraft designing; another, dentistry, another, medicine, and so on—in practically every case it means a university education, but beyond that no one can tell. Everyone of us, however, is determined to show our appreciation for this wonderful opportunity that has been given us, by doing our level best to surmount every obstacle of life and try to be an honor to ourselves, our school, the S. C. R. and our country.

R. W. WHIDDEN.

When, at the bugle call, we laid aside
Our studies, as we hastened to respond;
Did we dare dream that what we were denied
Thro that fierce struggle in the dark beyond.

When we dared hope: oh! foolish hope and vain;
Who could foretell or name the favored few
Once more to strive for what they would attain—
The peaceful paths of learning to pursue.

Stern Destiny turned fickle to be kind,
Thence thro the frightful, torn, and bloody way,
Where many a gallant comrade fell behind,
She brought us forth, and smiles on us today.

Oh Destiny! Oh fitful Chance! Oh Fate!
Such strange emotions now our bosoms fill,
While like sweet incense as we meditate,
There falls a gentle whisper, "Peace, be still."

HARRY CROSS.

"Aviation Parlance"

First Aviator: "What became of that fellow Blimps?"

Second Aviator: "Oh, he was taking a flip on a push-bike, hit a stone, got into a flat spin, side-slipping on to the curb and crashed pukka-ly."

First Aviator: "Hurt?"

Second Aviator: "Write-off. Bust a longeron and damaged his inter-plane struts."

St. Dunstan's

OF all the after-war problems none is more important than the care of the blind; the care of those splendid lads who made the terrible sacrifice of their faculty of sight that Canada's name should still retain its traditional association with freedom.

Among the first to make an effort to help these boys regain their place in life was Sir Arthur Pearson. In 1915 he opened St. Dunstan's hospital for the blind, in Regent's Park, London, the site being given by Otto Kann, an American millionaire. The school opened with six men, but in the course of three years had grown to seven hundred. The institution was, and is supported entirely by voluntary subscription and is open only to those rendered blind while on active service.

The course of training offered by the institution embraced the following callings: Massage, shorthand and typewriting, poultry farming, telephony, boot making, basket making, matting and netting, and joinery.

When the patient was admitted, he first interviewed the chief (as he was known)—Sir Arthur Pearson, who is himself blind. After a consultation with him, the student selected which course of training he would follow, and his course was commenced immediately. The length of time required varied with the nature of the course and ranged from eight months in some of the easier courses, to two years in massage and shorthand. The boot and shoe was the most popular course. It is interesting to note that while these seem somewhat long terms, they only occupy about one-quarter of the time that civilian schools take, while at St. Dunstan's fifty per cent. of the instructors and instructresses are blind.

Each day was divided into two periods, the first period being ten to twelve in the morning, the second being from two to four-thirty in the afternoon. Provision was thus made for a recreation hour after lunch. The quality of the work done in these courses really needs to be seen to be appreciated, but it will suffice here to say that it would put to shame a great deal of the work we do who have the use of our eyes.

The finding of amusement for these lads would seem a mighty task, yet it was one of the first tackled by the founder of the institution. Perhaps the favorite pastime was dancing, and boys who had never danced before were taught to dance and became some of the keenest dancers. Two nights a week were given over to dances and it was no unusual thing to have as many as five hundred of the hospital boys on the floor.

Besides the general courses, almost every man took a course in Braille, a system of printing for the sightless. The National Library in London has a splendid selection of books on all topics in Braille, and moreover was always willing to have any book which was not on their shelves transcribed.

Among the outdoor sports, rowing was the most popular. The lake in Regent's Park was set aside during certain hours every day for the use of St. Dunstan's only.

Two regattas were held each year at Putney, on the Thames, and some of the keenest races ever seen on this historic course were those of the St. Dunstan's regattas. In May of last year one of the four-oared boats was upset in rough water and only the presence of mind and indomitable courage of the coxswain, Nursing Sister Stin, prevented a catastrophe. Miss Stin was presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal in recognition of her bravery in saving the lives of these four men.

The tug-of-war was another popular sport, and it is interesting to note that the Canadian boys at St. Dunstan's won the tug-of-war championship there, as their comrades-in-arms had done in France.

The track sports were not neglected and a great number of meets were held, the programmes of which included not only foot races, but shot putting, and, what one might least expect, an egg-and-spoon race and a thread-and-needle contest.

To enable the boys to go from one building to another, footpaths were constructed from building to building and a handrail placed on one side of it. One of the favorite walks was around the circle in Regent's Park, but some of the more venturesome spirits actually went down to the city itself, unattended.

Some of the results obtained by St. Dunstan's were remarkable, but none more remarkable than the case of one boy who had lost both hands as well as his sight and whom they turned out into the world again as a typist.

One of the most splendid features of this wonderful institution is the after care department. On leaving, each student is given the privilege of buying all the tools or implements necessary to his calling, at absolute cost. A record is kept of all the boys and what has become of each. In England a further step has been taken and the country is divided into districts and the graduates of St. Dunstan's in each district are visited regularly by an official of the after care department, his wants ascertained and any required help is furnished.

Such, in a few words, is the work this institution is doing, and a noble and an inspiring work it is—to help our blinded boys to fit themselves again for the new life that is theirs.

Errington Falls

Limpidly cascading, tintinabulating;
Elfin falls of Errington, rainbow radiating.
Unintermittently sibilantly sighing.
Lilt of mystic pan pipes, rising, dying.
Cadences from fair field, seething turmoils throbbing;
Symphony of echoes, dripping, sobbing.



EDITORIAL

AT no time in the knowledge of the present generation has the truism "History repeats itself" been more applicable than at the present time. One result of the study of history should be that we do not repeat mistakes that have been made in the past. One of the chief causes that led to the decline of the mighty Roman Empire of old, was the discontent felt by her citizen soldiers when they returned to their native land, after fighting the battles that gave them their Empire, to find themselves dispossessed of their farms and they themselves the objects of craven charity.

Through all the ages until now this state of affairs has been repeated after every war, the discontent, and consequent unrest, being in proportion to the length and severity of the particular struggle. We have proof today, however, that the lesson has been learned, and we get a first attempt at the rehabilitation of the citizen soldiers of every part of the British Empire.

As Canada was not backward in doing her share in the "Great Struggle," she is just as much, at least, to the fore in her endeavor to see that the citizen soldiers will be in a condition to fill as valuable a place in the country as that which they held when duty issued her imperious call.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task involved in this rehabilitation may be gathered from a few figures applicable to our own fair city of Victoria alone. Over twenty-seven hundred men have had their individual needs considered under the Director of Vocational Training. Out of this number nearly fifty per cent. have been placed for their training in local shops and schools. As we call to mind, even briefly, the fact that every man of that twenty-seven hundred odd had personal and careful consideration of his physical, mental and other capabilities, as well as his own particular likes and dislikes, we begin to get some notion of the tremendous amount of ground that had to be covered.

The pioneers of every field of human endeavor have had, in almost every instance, to suffer as the butt of criticism from those who know, as well as from those who think they know, consequently it became a regular pastime to bombard the members of the Govern-

ment, both Federal and Provincial, with criticism of their efforts to give the soldiers who needed it, help to readjust themselves. Since, however, results are the true judging point, it will be sufficient to say that, again in our own local horizon, the failures do not amount to one per cent. Every one of our returned soldier citizens has come home with a broader and better outlook than he ever had before. In his heart he does, and with his voice he should, say that he has the Government of his country to thank for giving him, at the very least, a square deal, and we feel convinced that just as Rome declined through the shortsighted policy of her rulers, so the statesmen of Canada, by their care for those who helped to make this good old world a home for "Right is might," have shown that they knew when to

"Take occasion by the hand
And make the bounds of Freedom wider yet."

* * * * *

The course of training which we have undertaken under the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment is now drawing to a close. Since September of last year an average class of twenty-three, we have attended the Victoria High School to prepare for the Senior Matriculation Examination as outlined by the University of British Columbia. We are only a small class, one of many classes under the Vocational Training Department in this city, but we feel convinced that no class could have had more kindness and consideration than we have had shown us throughout our course. From the Principal of the Victoria High School down through all the members of the Staff with whom we have come in contact, their earnest desire has been to do all that they possibly could to help us along. They have given us freely of their own time in addition to the regular hours of study and have fully proved to us that they are one and all gentlemen who have learned the great lesson that it is better to give than receive. That their task has not been an easy one we all know only too well, but never have we had one discouraging or upbraiding word addressed to us.

Words often fail when our deeper emotions are stirred, and we cannot say how deeply grateful we feel for their consistent kindness. Mr. Smith and the members of the Staff, however, may rest assured that our course of study in the Victoria High School will be one of the most pleasant memories in all our future lives, and will spur us on to show our appreciation for their work by our best efforts to the end that they may be able to say of us with pride, they were members of the S. C. R. class in our Victoria High School.

* * * * *

We have, unfortunately, a casualty list to report, but only minor casualties in the majority of cases. We were indeed sorry to lose our class president, "Nobby" Clark. His eyes would not stand the strain of close study, which necessitated an outdoor occupation for

him. It was some time before we became used to the fact that he had left us. "Polly" transferred to another class because his conscience pricked him, or so he said. Other transients were "Pat" Levers, Saunders, Good, McAutey, Lambert, Sprinkling, Rochfort ("Johnie"), Despecker, Gearmaert and Calder. May they all do as well as we know they would have done had they stayed to a finis.

* * * * *

Through all the suffering and misery caused by the late war, one of the outstanding remembrances to those who saw it was the misery of our dumb friends. When one has looked in the eyes of a horse mortally wounded in the discharge of his work in the battle area, it leaves an impression on the human brain never to be forgotten. One has to have seen such a sight to realize how deeply our animal friends feel their hurts and their helplessness. May we never wilfully cause that look in the eyes of any of our dumb friends, who are willing to give us of their best until the end of their lives. An active membership in the S. P. C. A. will help a movement that has done noble work in the past, so **join up** and keep a good thing going.

* * * * *

The material for the article on St. Dunstan's Hospital in this issue was obtained through the kindness of Mr. A. P. Archibald, a former patient at that institution. Mr. Archibald went overseas with the Field Artillery and was seriously wounded at that "bloodiest and muddiest battle" at Passchendaele, on November 10th, 1917, while serving with the twenty-third battery of the Second Division. Before enlisting, Mr. Archibald was a well-known hockey player, being a member of the Y. M. C. A. championship team. While at St. Dunstan's, he took an active interest in sport and two of his most cherished trophies are cups won there in rowing and in the tug-of-war. We are indeed indebted to Mr. Archibald for supplying the material for an article about such an interesting and such a splendid institution.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidty. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Keep from slang, do not put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say, and don't use big words.

Class Members

ROBERT J. RENOUF

"Of beauteous form, and such fair face,
No woman could withstand his grace."

Bobby is a native of Victoria and left for overseas with the 2nd C.M.R., serving in France with that unit and the 8th C.I.B. Signals. "He's there," too, as our class president.

J. C. FOOTE

"Turn him to any course of policy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter."

Cal. is a native son, also somewhat of a globe-trotter. He spent considerable time touring the "Continent" with the 5th Division Signals. His favorite pastime is writing sonnets. He also makes an able Vice-President for the class.

R. WALLACE WHIDDEN

"Exceeding wise, loud spoken and prone to
argument——"

"Whid" was born at Duncan, B. C., but notwithstanding this drawback, spent several years in the High School there. He joined the 5th C. G. A. in July, 1916. As a class secretary and at argumentation, he cannot be excelled.

G. H. BEVAN-PRITCHARD

"What's in a name? His virtues are as
great, when just called Egypt."

Born in India, lived in Egypt, educated in England, Pritchard is a man of much knowledge. The 1st Canadian Pioneers had the pleasure of his company in France. He was gassed at Ypres and also at the Somme. Sometimes called "Egypt," his dry humour is a source of much merriment.



Class Members

HUGH MAURICE BIRCH-JONES

"When I beheld this I sighed and said
 within myself,
 'Surely man is a broomstick.'"

Hughie was born in Stroud, England, and received his earlier education in that country. Served in France with the Royal Engineers, and his main worry used to be putting France in sandbags. He was gassed at Douai and is now going to study gas engines and mechanical construction.

WILLIAM B. DAKIN

"The duke is humorous; what he is indeed
 More suits you to conceive, than I to
 speak of."

"Duke," the boy with the jocular smile, was born in Blackpool, England, and since coming to Canada can scarcely be distinguished from a white man. He saw extensive service in France with the Fort Garry Horse, and was wounded on the Somme.

CECIL J. CLAYTON

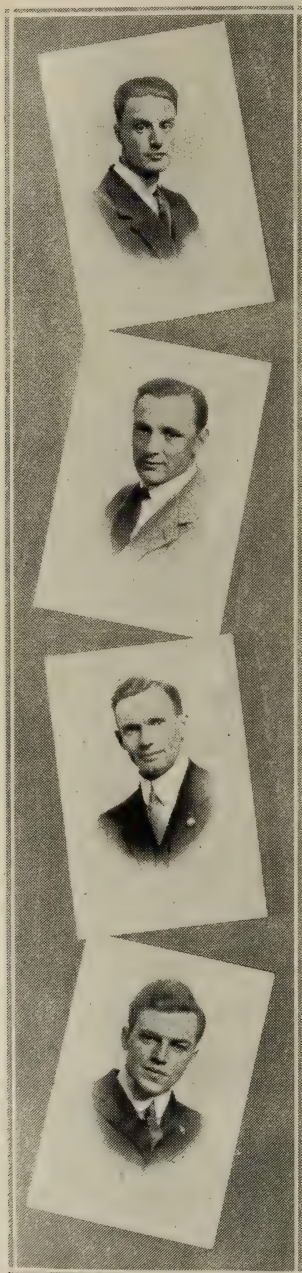
(C. F. That popular ballad)
 "Wait till you get them up in the air boys"

Cecil was born in Manitoba, but when it comes to Mathematics he's no hayseed. As a pilot with the R.N.A.S. he saw much service on the North Sea and commanded a squadron. Although he is an airman, he is far from being a sky-pilot.

CARL TOLMAN

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder
 grew
 That one small head could carry all he
 knew."

Carl was born at Lacombe, Alberta, and served with the 50th Battalion overseas, being wounded and taken prisoner at Avion, on June 3rd, 1917. His pleasant manner and aggressiveness have not only made him popular, but also a leader of men.





Class Members

EDWARD W. KILBY

"Though modest, on his embarrassed brow
Nature had written—Gentleman."

Born in Yokohama, Kil was educated in England, at the Royal Naval College, Eltham. He served in France with the First Division Trench Mortars, C. F. A., and was wounded at the battle of Arras. His knowledge of those Greek females, Beta and Theta, is profound.

MR. MANNING

"Manning by name, and a man by nature."

Born in England, continued his education in Canada, left for France with the C.A.M.C. 67th and 102nd, but not all at the same time; badly hit at Lens—but they couldn't knock his smile out.

ALBERT R. EMSLEY

"A bashful, blushing, bonnie boy."

Albert was born in Manchester, but received his education in Victoria. He served with the 143rd Battalion. His winning smile and bright blue eyes will win him a way anywhere.

CECIL BRYCE CLARK

"In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of—Clark."

Hails from Edmonton, served in France with the C.A.M.C. and was wounded at Lens. "Dutch" is a firm admirer of Wordsworth, whom he defends with vim, vigor, vitality and viciousness.

Class Members

BASIL J. STOCK

"What I have been taught I have forgotten;
What I know, I have guessed."

Born in Weston-super-Mare, England, served overseas with the Royal Engineers. "Obviously" is Stock's stock expression; his powers of perception are so keen.

THOMAS WATT

"His looks adorn the venerable place."

Tom hails from the land of the thistle, having been born in Glasgow, and is naturally intensely interested in steam engines. "The Ancient Mariner" is his favorite poem.

CLIFFORD DUNCAN REID

"Wears his clothes with a charming grace."

Is a native of Victoria, being an old South Park and V. H. S. boy. He served in France with the C.A.M.C. Cliff excels as a witty debater, yea, his tongue is like a running brook.

HARRY CARVER

"A still, small voice."

Although Harry was born in Vancouver, he has retrieved himself by residing in Victoria for the last ten years. He served in France with the 16th Battalion. (He must have looked cute in a kilt.)

LANGFORD JAMES GANNON

"He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light."

Gannon was born in Toronto and served in France with the 29th Battalion, later transferring to the R.A.F. Spud is slim, slender and slightly slippery and an all-round athlete.



Class Members

WILLIAM HORACE RYAN

"Please go away and let me sleep,
Don't disturb my slumbers deep."

"Paddy" was born in Sudbury, Ont., but is an old V. H. S. boy. He was with the 33rd Battalion, C. F. A., in France. At present his one ambition is to play football. (Heaven help the other team.)

HENRY NORMAN CROSS

"Sometimes bright young men grow up to
be almost useful citizens."

Born in Bristol, Cross came out to America in charge of a basinette. He served overseas with the R.C.N.V.R. at Scapa Flow and was severely wounded while fighting the U-boats.

ALLEN CAROLAN

"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he
is caught young."

Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, Allen believes in punctuality. He served in France with the 72nd Battalion and was wounded at Passchendaele.

LAMBERT ROSS

"What harmony is this my good friends?
Hark!"

Bob was born in Departure Bay, V.I. and served overseas with the Canadian Engineers. He is our expert in harmonics, being an aspirant to the realms of song.

GEORGE FORSTER

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly
teach."

Forster was born and educated in the north of England. He joined the 54th Kootenay Battalion, but served in France with the 2nd Battalion and was wounded after three months in the trenches.





PRINCIPAL and MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, S.C.R. CLASS

G. E. Richards, J. H. Gunn, T. W. Cornett, C. M. Haverstock, A. G. Smith, C. B. Reynolds
E. L. Yeo, T. S. Whittemore



PORTIA SOCIETY

ON March 17th the subject debated was, "Resolved that separate education for girls, in the larger centres of population, is in the best interests of the country." Laura Leigh and Frances Everest, who upheld the affirmative, seemed to think the presence of boys in a classroom distracts the attention of the girls. The negative, composed of Nessie Wallace and Lorna Jones, are not affected in this way, but think it is good practise for boys and girls to get together when young. Mrs. Smith and Mr. Gunn, the judges, decided in favor of the negative by a very small margin. The debate was very much enjoyed by all.

The last meeting before Easter took place on March 24th. Elaine Hill gave an interesting speech on "The introduction of the sugar beet in B. C." Helen Bennet gave an entertaining reading from one of Sir James Barrie's plays, entitled "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Lastly, Kathleen Ault read a most amazing piece, called "The Missionary Lady."

Portia held a very successful concert in the Auditorium on April 14th. The Honorary President, Miss Hamilton, acted as chairman. We felt very much flattered at the presence of a few boys sitting near the door listening to our budding geniuses. The programme was as follows:—

Piano Duet	Dorothy Todd and Marjorie Watson
Recitation	Ella Pottinger
Vocal Solo	Marjorie Watson
Piano Duet	Lilian Styan and Nellie Styan
Recitation	Violet Hastings
Vocal Solo	Beatrice Porter
Egyptian Dance	Bernice Ruddock

The first of the inter-year debates took place on April 21st, between the Junior and Senior Matrics. The subject discussed was, "Resolved that modern dress needs reform. There was something very attractive about this subject, which caused the girls to flock into the Library. Frances Legg and Elise Menkus, representing the

Matrices, upheld the affirmative against Jean Graham and Marjorie Watson. Frances Legg told us in detail the bad effects of hair puffing. (She knows.) Jean Graham then compared the sensible dress of today with the frills and laces of fifty years ago. Elise Menkus told a very good use of the vanity bag and then beseeched us to emerge from our semi-barbaric customs of dress. Marjorie Watson told how much healthier the clothing was now in comparison with that of our overburdened grandmothers, and described a morning scene in which our grandfathers would say, "Wifie, dear, please curl my hair." The judges, Misses Moore and Roberts, decided in favor of the affirmative.

At the last meeting of the month, Portia was very lucky in securing Miss Clay, from the Public Library, who spoke about "A girl and her books." She told us the names of several good books and also foolish ones. Miss Clay impressed on us that if we wish to make the world a better, happier place to live in, we must be careful in our choice of books all through our life. This talk was very much appreciated by all.

Mother. "I wish you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with that Junior when he brings you home."

She: "Why, I only stood there for a second last night."

Mother: "Is that all? I really thought I heard a third and a fourth."



"I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU —
WILL YOU DO A LITTLE FOR ME?"



Meeting of March 4th

ON this day the Society was favored with a debate, the subject of which was, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." After battling for the customary hour, the negative, upheld by Petrie and Levirs, was seen to have gained the better of the fray, and so the affirmative, Purvis and Peel, were forced to haul down their flag. But even after this favorable turn of affairs, it was seen that the spirit of war had cast its seeds broadcast, and many of the audience took sides and continued thus until they were exhausted, when they immediately dropped it with such force as to break up the meeting, which was very unfortunate considering the lively turn affairs had taken.

Meeting of March 11th

On this day the students of the old V. H. S. showed considerably more interest in their society. The reason for such renewed vigor on their part is still a source of wonder to the executive. It is rumored that it was the title of the debate, which was, "Resolved that the Gothenburg system of liquor control should be adopted in British Columbia." The debate being on the dry side, as you can see, we expected the majority of those present to leave immediately after the first speaker had finished, but to our great surprise they showed terrible interest in what was being said and remained thus throughout. When the judges withdrew to consider the result of the above-mentioned debate, again, to our great surprise and alarm, they (the audience) took it upon themselves to thrash this out, in favor of the negative of course. They talked long and loud and emphatically, and used such brilliant powers of reasoning that we all became bored and unable to follow. But at last they arrived at a satisfactory termination, for they had satisfied themselves, and so allowed the judges to give their decision, which, luckily, was for the negative, and thus for the same side as the audience. The negative was upheld by Rideout and Carter, while the affirmative was upheld by Pillar and Laing. The judges, having decided on the same side as the audience, received the customary applause doubled, and the meeting adjourned.

Polite street car conductor: "Madam, may I help you to alight?"

Old Irish lady: "No thanks, oi don't smoke!" —"X-Ray."



V. H. S. vs. Connaught High School

THE final in the Thompson Cup series for this year was played in New Westminster, on Saturday night, April 3rd. The game proved to be the hardest game of the year and, according to the spectators, one of the best played on a New Westminster floor. The final score read 32-27, which represented a full time game and five minutes overtime.

Playing on a strange floor and before a crowd which supported their opponents, V. H. S. put up a magnificent game. Play opened very cautiously and it was some minutes before either side scored. Close guarding and a small floor both tended to keep the score down, and after twenty minutes of heart-breaking work the score board read 11-10 in favor of Victoria. Most of these points on both sides were scored by the guards.

When the second half opened, Victoria found the going to their liking and increased their lead by five points early in the period, but they could not maintain it. Westminster drew level after half the period was gone, and from then to the close it was a battle royal. Turk Lewis, of Westminster, and Captain Bickell, of Victoria, were both in fine form from the foul line and the score mounted point for point till full-time found the score reading 24-all. With only one minute to go, Art Boyd, who had been playing a splendid game, sprained his ankle and was forced to retire. He was replaced by Forbes.

In the extra five minutes, Westminster outscored Victoria 8-3, and thereby retained the Thompson Cup for another year.

Of the champions, "Turk" Lewis and Captain Creech were the outstanding men, while Aubrey Jones was the star of the Victoria team. Bickell from the foul line and Art Boyd at guard also deserve mention, but with the exception of Jones, who played the best game he has played this year, the team did not play the brand of basketball they are capable of.

After the game, the team and their supporters were entertained at dinner in a down-town restaurant.

The final for the McDonald Cup, emblematic of the Provincial Championship in girls' basketball, was played in the V. H. S. gym,

on Saturday, April 3rd, between King Edward High School of Vancouver and Victoria High School.

Victoria got away to an early start and a couple of lovely shots by Doris Grubb gave the black and yellow a four-point lead. The checking was very close and at times verged on roughness, the Vancouver girls using their weight quite freely. Vancouver made one point on a technical foul before half-time and also two field baskets. One field basket was very regrettable, as it was scored after the playing time was finished, but before the timekeepers, who had not been provided with a proper whistle, could call the attention of the referee. This unfortunate oversight on the part of the Victoria officials, undoubtedly cost us the championship.

During the second half the tactics of the Vancouver supporters on the side lines became so objectionable that Bob Whyte quite properly gave a technical foul against the Vancouver captain. The one point lead which Vancouver had before the second half was soon increased and Vancouver led throughout the rest of the game. The final score was 13-11, which only gave Vancouver the championship by the one odd basket.

Sarah McGill, at guard for Victoria, was the bright outstanding star of the evening, and but for her phenomenal work Victoria would have suffered a much more serious defeat.

Doris Grubb played a splendid game also and did the great bulk of Victoria's scoring, as Marjorie Bell was completely blanketed by her check, although she scored two points from the foul line.

The teams were:—Victoria—Forwards, Doris Grubb (captain), Marjorie Bell; centre, Alexa Martin; guard, Sarah McGill, Dorothy Aird; spare, Ella Lewis.

The following girls have been granted their shields for basketball this year:—Alexa Martin, Marjorie Bell, Dorothy Aird, Ella Lewis and Evelyn Easton.

Applied Physics

Big "P" and little "p" are seen through the plate glass (?) window of an estaminet. Given that each has 50 francs. Find the shape and condition of their images viewed through the same window one hour later.

Geometry

Divide a tin of "Maconachie" internally, so that ten men shall have each a full ration. Given that one man's ration is equal to one quarter of a mule's or one sixteenth of an officer's.

* * * * *

Billie: "Say, Lambert, would you kindly lend me your green necktie this evening."

Lambert. "Certainly, Billie, but why all the formality."

Billie: "I can't find it."

"More About the Blinkin' War"

PROBABLY you have some very learned friend, who, having supposed the hypothesis of "Wilhelm II" to be incorrect, assumed the opposite conclusion and spent several years of his life in France trying to push it to the extreme and show it to be ridiculous. Now, if you consult him he will most likely say, "Why, that's all 'twaddle,' it wasn't done that way in our unit!" Well, my dear reader, probably it wasn't, but that only points out how horribly ignorant of military law the "**Hyper Super Dings**" of his unit really were.

I propose to outline the "official" way in which the "vulgar private" was expected to get himself "**on**" and "**off**" of leave. Woe to the ill-informed one who did not get himself "**off**" at the prescribed time. But that is beside the point.

The gentleman aforesaid tours to France with his unit, and after about a year of the most thrilling and pleasant (oh, yes! very pleasant) experiences, suddenly realizes that probably a leave in "Blighty" would be nice. Just about this time argumentative ones in his platoon have deduced that leave should have commenced when the unit had been six months in the country.

Shortly after this the mysterious news leaks out (goodness only knows how) that leave has been open for their division for the last year and that already General Straffem has been to England four times and had one month of "rest" in Monte Carlo, also that most of the "**Dings**" at Division have had leave. No wonder a soldiers' conception of war becomes somewhat weird.

Ultimately—yes, very much ultimately—after about eighteen months of pleasurable excitement, our private (let's be really academic and call our unknown *x*). *x* is informed that he is "next for leave." It is the night before the "Hill 2355 affair and they are just going into the line. Now, please, try and imagine what a pleasant trip our "unknown quantity" is going to have, with fourteen days in "Blighty" hanging over his head and the prospect of becoming a "**blanket case**" almost any moment, staring him in the face. At last he is given his warrant—but it is only fair to mention that "the powers that be" have been kind enough to allow him to remain and see the previously-quoted "affair" quite over. Really decent of them, don't you think?

He leaves the line with everything he has got in the world, as soon as it gets dusk, and sometime in the wee small hours arrives at the transport lines. The rest of the night is passed—but never mind how; we haven't time to explain.

The next day "*x*" is brought before the Paymaster, who treats him more respectfully than he can ever remember him having done before, and who, after giving him his "prescribed twenty pound cheque" (no matter how much he really hated to do it), actually asks him—yes requests him, mind you—to state how much French money

he thinks he would require to get to the "Base." Probably so much overcome with the extraordinary phenomenon he has just seen exhibited, he meekly explains that "ten or fifteen francs" would be heaps. He is then supplied with a long list of "don'ts," in which he is very kindly advised not to carry such things as "duds," "shell-noses," "maps," et cetera, to the more peaceful land. On the other side of this document is a very vivid account of the "things" he may have to put up with should he do that which he ought not to do. There is very little to be said about this selection; they all seem to end with "Death or such other penalty as the Court may decide."

At last he is away. It is about noon. Goodness, how happy he feels as he strolls out into that gloriously rainy December afternoon with nothing to worry about except his full kit, tin-hat, rifle, and last, but not least, twenty real good, crisp, John Bradbury's. It's only twenty kilos to the **rail-head** and then a nice, comfortable box-car for the next day or so. Oh what a lovely war!

About nine o'clock (or, as the military hath it, "twenty-one hours") he arrives at the station, immediately seeks out the abode of the R. T. O., to whom he has been requested (not instructed) to report. There, he is informed by a very "blustering" little sergeant that the gentleman sought is in the Mess, and must not be disturbed. He is **instructed** this time, to place himself in the "line-up" and wait.

About 23.30 something starts to happen at the head of the "queue." Presently he finds he is being hustled forward and very shortly after is face to face with a bright and very happy-looking young "Sub," very much be-tabbbed with green, or is it blue (under the lamplight he can't quite distinguish). However, the fact that seems to strike him almost immediately is that "R. T. O." wouldn't be such a bad job for the next war. His pass is carefully looked over and he is informed that his train will be in about 3.00 o'clock. Very much pleased he retreats to the waiting-room and makes his way out on to the platform. He is not keen on sleeping, for fear of not waking in time, so he decides to sit down on one of the comfortable benches and rest. He dozes slightly as the happy hours drag on. Then, about 5 o'clock, a bell starts to ring. It sounds very much like a large alarm clock. "The leave train is at 'Savvy,'" someone volunteers, and sure enough his deductions must have been correct, for behold! not ten minutes later, the much desired conveyance crawls majestically into the station.

Within shorter time than it takes to mention, our "Private x" and several other of his pleasure-seeking friends are comfortably established in a somewhat knocked-about first-class coach, all feeling very much pleased with the accommodation that has been so very generously provided. But wait! who is this—no, it's not a "Froggy"; he speaks English. Presently a Lance-Corporal (most likely acting "sans" pay, but wearing an armlet of unquestionable authority) thrusts his head into the compartment and informs our friends that

unfortunately they have been put into the wrong coach, and if they will follow him he will show them their "digs." The atmosphere turns rather blue, but nevertheless one must be pleasant when one wants leave, mustn't one? So our several friends (about ten in number) troop out in the wake of their much beloved guide. They are now installed in a sumptuously fitted "box-car," along with about twenty-five others of their "brothers-in-crime." Emergency rations are devoured, and probably there is an old sergeant-major in the party (there generally is) who has a "buck-shee" issue or two. This and the singing of the "gang" make life more pleasant. Let me see, how is the time; it is almost daylight—about six o'clock. Time rolls it's ceaseless course, and about twelve noon our train "bumps" into Boulogne. There is a great scramble, and presently "x" is pushed into line and started off at about 4 kilos an hour, up one of the most remarkable hills he is able to recall. "St. Martin's camp," someone remarks.

Arriving at the above-mentioned camp, they are given hot "something" and delicious fresh bread, then informed that the leave boat departs at 17 hours. A friend (the unknown S.-M. of "Buck-shee" fame) kindly advises our Private "x" to stick around camp and fall in early when the parade is called, "Otherwise you may not get away," he adds. "You see, sometimes they can't take all, and those that are left must wait till the following day."

Acting on this advice, our (two friends now) are right on the job, and as soon as the important (and horribly stout) N.C.O. "toots" his whistle, are "on parade."

An officer now appears with a megaphone and establishes himself on a high wooden platform. From here he reads aloud the text of "Don'ts" previously quoted. Then the parade moves off.

They arrive at the boat in due course. Here they are relieved of one portion of their warrant and "told" to get into lifebelts. It is rather queer the number of chaps who would stick to their full kit even in death. Honestly, some expect one poor life-belt to support pack and overcoat included. The boat is a Belgian affair with a "stern paddlewheel" and horribly rocky. Several are sea-sick, but our friends (stalwart colonials) weather it nicely.

Two hours later they disembark at Folkestone. Here, except for one or two officious M. P's (who have been in England too long) they are treated as "men"—actually guided by a polite little porter to a coach and only eight of them asked to get in. "Quel contraste." The journey to London is made in record time and really very pleasant.

Arriving at Charing Cross, the train is met by a throng of kind-hearted people, both ladies and gentlemen. The soldiers are nicely spoken to and, in little groups, led across the platform to a great long table where other ladies are serving tea and sandwiches. Our friends refresh themselves. They are then guided by a gentleman neatly dressed in blue mufti, who tells them it is his job to look

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after Canadians. Other people look out for the English "Tommies" and arrange the changing of their French money for them, also tell them from where, and when their trains leave should they be going out of London. Our boys soon find themselves inside of a comfortable motor and whizzing through dark old London to the "Pay Office." Their cheques are cashed, and voila! the leave is started.

Now it is not my purpose to bore you with what our Private "x" may have done for the next fourteen days (as a matter of fact it was fifteen). First of all, I did not know "x," then again, leave is just lived through in much the same way as one now enjoys a civilian vacation. Probably more things are crowded into a day, but that is quite reasonable—you see there are only fourteen.

However, it is the twenty-third of December and our friend is to leave London on the twenty-fourth—Christmas eve, what rotten luck! No, he won't go. But what is to be done. Finally he conceives a plan.

The leave train pulls out at 6.15; about 6.30 our friend hurries into the station, only to be told by an attendant that the leave train has gone. Inwardly tickled, but externally much distressed, he is conducted by his informer to the "R. T. O." (a Sergeant settles things this time). A rubber stamp and a few words acquaint our "x" with the fact that he must return tomorrow. He would like Xmas, but won't dare ask. However, his little "ruse de guerre" has carried and he has got Xmas eve. A very happy night is spent with his friends, and bright and early on Christmas morning he strolls into Charing Cross, feeling about ten years younger.

He climbs aboard the train. Presently the cars are filled with kind women laden down with baskets of present—just such small trifles as writing paper and envelopes, a package of tobacco, or probably a tin of cigarettes; but everyone gets something and each feels that he has been remembered. "What kind people"; "Believe me, they are doing their bit"; "Guess that's being British"—such remarks as these fill the air and it makes a chap feel grateful to think that there is someone behind who realizes that "there is a war on."

The journey to Folkestone is a very ordinary one, everyone seems sleepy, and one by one they doze off. Suddenly the doors are thrown open, and, emerging on to the platform, the boys are quickly got into "fours" and marched aboard the waiting steamer. Our friend seeks out a little corner under one of the stairways and curls up for a little rest. Some time later the drone of the engines seems to stop, and he awakens. We must be there, he thinks, so gets his belongings together and works his way over to the rail. "Goodness, what is happening?" They are within a few hundred yards of Boulogne and apparently waiting for a large steamer (very much "tramp" looking) to move itself. Nothing appears to be happening to correct things, and presently he conceives that the "tramp" is sinking. The crew are got into boats and the old grain boat, for such it was, just allowed to settle peacefully. But the harbor is

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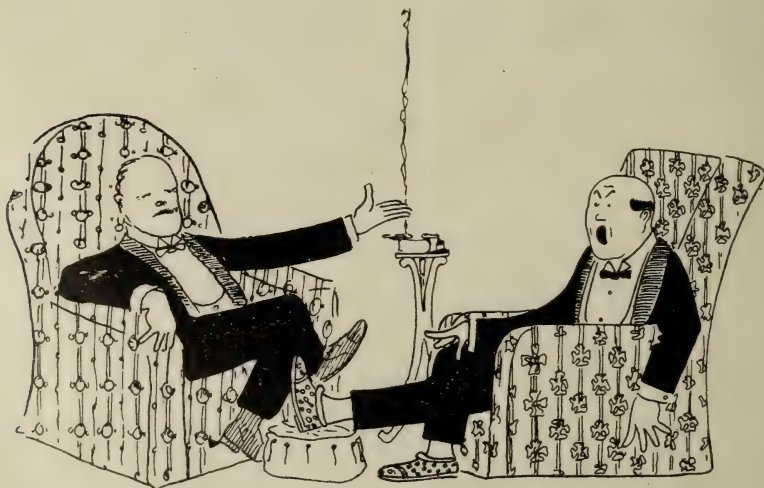


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closed for a few days. The leave boat then proceeds along the coast to Calais. Here the troops disembark, the senior N. C. O. or warrant officer takes charge of the party and they start on quite a reasonable little route march to what is designated as the **rest** camp. Our friend is somewhat tired, so, when no one is looking, he and one or two others (who have been there before) fall out and install themselves in one of the noisy little trolley cars. They arrive at the camp in due course, and shortly the more faithful ones who had walked "blow in." They are all got together and arranged in the formation of a square, facing an officer with a megaphone who is raised above them on the same sort of little "gallows" we saw at Boulogne. His message, however, is somewhat different, not telling them what they mustn't do, but what they must. He then proceeds to call out the different divisions. As he does so those called follow the N. C. O. detailed to look after them. "3rd and 4th Canadian," he calls, "67th, 62nd, 89, 99," and some "wit" adds at the top of his voice, "Housie House." The astonished officer looks bored, but he, too, has a sense of humour and really must laugh.

The several detachments into which the party has been divided are guided to various sections of the camp, lodged in tents, given blankets and meal tickets, told where the canteen and mess huts are and that they must be ready to move when called. It is now about 20 hours, so feeling somewhat tired they all "turn in."

About 6.00 o'clock next morning they are aroused, told to eat, turn in their blankets and be ready to move off at 7 o'clock. They are marched to the station, ushered into box-cars, and the weary journey begins.



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All that day they travel, sometimes tearing along at the fearful rate of ten real good French kilos an hour, at other times four. Then they will be bumped back and forth for a while, or allowed to stand still for a few hours while their engine tours back to the base for something it may have forgotten. However, towards midnight, they reach their destination.

They detrain and are guided over a stretch of ground that two weeks before was the "Bosche" front-line. Their billets are tents pitched in a small, muddy field.

Next day they are awakened at six and given a breakfast. Then it is "everyone for himself."

Our friend "x" makes inquiries and finds that they are at Boisieux-au-mont," a place about six or eight kilos directly south of Arras. His friend, "y," belonging to the same unit, has a road map. They consult this and start out in the direction of the war. About an hour they walk without seeing a soul. The country is a mass of ruins and abandoned war material. Here and there they come upon such signs as "This was Croisilles," or the old "Bosche characters," which I have forgotten, but which in English appear to be "Nach Bapaume." Presently a Staff car draws near and the driver, a generous sort of chap, offers a "lift." His offer is gladly accepted and he takes them as far as the crossroads, just west and a little south of Douay, that is on the main Arras-Cambrai road. Here they will surely get a lorry. Presently a motor carrying French refugees comes along; it stops and they get aboard. The women relate all the wonderful things the British have done to help them, how they are now going back to their homes. They give our boys chocolate and seem to want to do something more, but, poor souls, they cannot, they have nothing in the world themselves. However, they are trying to smile and be happy.

At length they "de-bus" at the refugee collecting post in Cambrai, thank their driver and bid au revoir to their refugee friends. No time is lost getting on the main road to Valenciennes, and they walk for some time. Then more luck, another motor lorry. This one carries them as far as Sommaing. Here a generous cook gives them a meal and they seek out the "Town Major." He is able to tell them that their unit is in the Foret de Raismes and probably they will get some information in Raismes. It is not quite dark, so they start out. About twenty kilos have to be covered, so they must walk quickly. Another lorry helps and by 21 hours they are in Raismes. The unit moved today, they are told, and is now in Anzin. More walking, and about 22.30 they are really back home and able to enjoy a real night's rest in a real bed in a real house, the abandoned home of some poor unfortunate Frenchman.

From here the experiences of Private "x" and his friend "y" become a matter of history which, I believe, will soon be in readable form.

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I have written with the object of pointing out that there were other experiences in the life of a soldier apart from dealing with the "artful Hun." Also, let us appreciate what a large item the privilege of leave really was, the transport it entailed, the personnel it required for special duties, and remember, please, that a **War** had still to be carried on.

"A VULGAR PRIVATE."

"JUST AN IDEA!"

It was just an "idea"—that was all that he had—
Columbus—those ages ago;
It was just an "idea"—but we ought to be glad,
For it gave us our country, you know.

It was just an "idea" in George Stephenson's mind
When he saw the steam jostle the kettle,
But the railroads made brothers of all mankind
With their wonderful horses of metal.

It was just an "idea" Thomas Edison caught,
But the light without flame we got from it;
With another "idea" was the phonograph brought—
And the "movies" that came like a comet.

So next time when you hear someone say, with a sneer,
"I'll not pay for that—for it's just an idea!"
Remind him there isn't a thing that he uses
That doesn't date back to this source he abuses.

And tell him there isn't a tool or machine
That he handles, or works with, or ever has seen,
But he'll find, if he troubles to trace it, began
As "just an idea" in the brain of a man.

Shrewd

Tramp to "Billie": "Any rags, paper or old iron?"

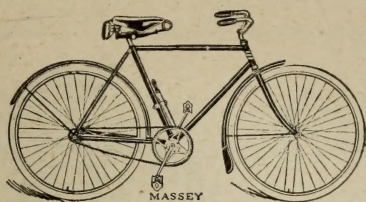
"Billie" (irately): "No, go away, the folks are away for the summer!"

Tramp (smiling): "Any bottles?"

* * * * *

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1203 Douglas St. Phone 2504 Branch: "Bootery" 1111 Government St.

Consolidated Whaling Company

VICTORIA, B.C.

Manufacturers and Exporters of Fertilizer

Ground Whale Meat and Blood—Analysis: 12% to 13% Nitrogen

Finely Ground Whale Bone

Analysis: 3% Nitrogen and 26% Phos. Acid

Full particulars and prices on application

B·A·S·E·B·A·L·L

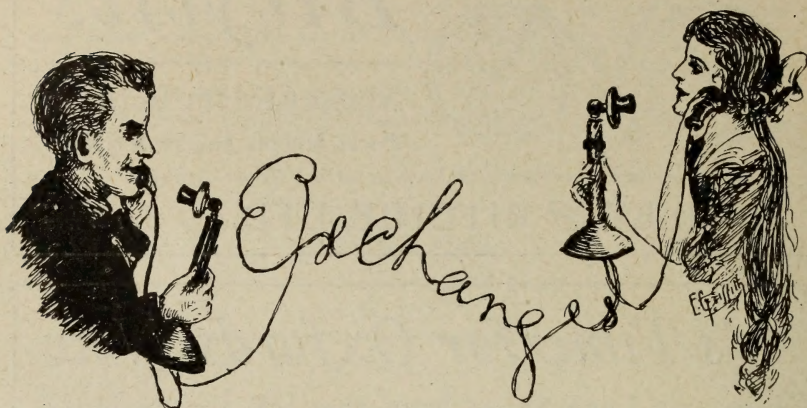
Goods, Just In. Classy Gloves, Bats, Etc.

Come in and see them, Boys!

VICTORIA SPORTING GOODS CO.

Telephone 1285

1010 Broad Street



We got our name printed in a couple of exchanges this month, so we feel as if we are "coming up" in public opinion. But our ambition is not so much to be noticed as it is to put the proper spirit into our own paper.

We have received a snappy paper from the "Medford Hi," of Oregon, which we enjoyed.

"Have an accident?"

"No thanks, just had one!" —Medford Hi.

We are very sorry to see that our Sacramento exchange, the "X-Ray," is going to be cut down to a smaller size. It is not allowed to print advertisements and depends on school spirit to supply the means of upkeep. We admire the school spirit and the staff that turns out such an excellent paper.

We wish to acknowledge the Analecta, which we were glad to receive.

Red Tape

We don't know whether or not it was the treatment—but the fact remains. "Paddy's" mule had passed away. When the last rites had been performed, our friend was handed one of the numerous army forms and requested to fill it out. Things went nicely until he spotted the heading "**Disposition of Carcass.**" After a moment's thought, he wrote "mean and deceitful."

* * * * *

Little Boys should be Seen and not Heard

Ronald (after church): "Say, sis, did the curate really mean that those black people don't wear any clothes?"

Sis: "Why, yes, quite true."

Ronald: "Then, what's the use of Grandpa putting a button in the collection?"

Satisfaction for Every Customer



In establishing and building up our Printing business it has always been our aim to satisfy the wishes or needs of every customer. More than eleven years of continued progress seems to justify our purpose and warrants to all a prompt, reliable and efficient PRINTING service at fair prices

We Print the Camosun

THE ACME PRESS

THE BEST PRINTSHOP IN VICTORIA

For the Summer months you will need a—



KODAK

Why not get one now and be prepared to make every outing a success? RIGHT NOW you can have a great deal of pleasure taking pictures, but when the summer comes the need of an *Autographic Kodak*

will be much greater. Let us show you this Season's Latest Models—many new and attractive designs just received.

Kodaks from \$10.50 Brownies from \$2.90

Our Developing and Printing Department is at your service

Terry's Two Drug Stores

At FORT

ON DOUGLAS

At PANDORA

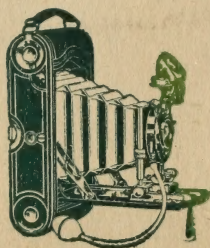
Your friends can buy anything
you can give them, except—

—*your Photograph*

GIBSON, PHOTOS

CENTRAL BUILDING, VIEW ST.

PHONE 3217



The Season has Arrived

To make Your Outings Perfect
YOU NEED A KODAK

We Can Supply You

IVEL'S PHARMACY

COR. DOUGLAS AND VIEW